MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

Vol. 43 April — June 1953 No. 2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God

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THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

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HOLINESS

An unsingned editorial published recently in the official organ of the Methodist Church of Mexico, EL EVANGELISTA MEXICANO.

Of true Methodist origin is the emphasis placed on the thesis of holiness of life in the Christian, and this thesis is not utopian but practical for human experience and a duty according to Christian law.

If the essential characteristic of our Heavenly Father is holiness, and if our Redeemer Jesus Christ exhorts his people: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," there is implied the obligation of obtaining holiness.

Methodism was born in the "Holy Club" and was raised up to stimulate holiness among Christians. We do not believe that only the Methodists may be holy, but that all of us as Christians ought to be holy, without losing our denominational color.

It follows that holiness differs from the common concept people have of it. Roman Catholic thought has limited it to the matter of doing miracles or wearing a halo.

The preeminent Christian theolog Paul presents the essence of the matter when, in his second letter to the Corinthians (7:1), he exhorts them thus: "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

In the Pauline phrase, the basis of holiness is clear and precise: total separation from both carnal and spiritual filth, and increasing approach to God.

Can we achieve such a purpose? The separation from all evil cannot be achieved entirely of ourselves; we fall through ignorance or weakness or perverseness. As a result, we need divine grace so that in His Light we may discern and discover and avoid the evil which lies in wait for us. We need divine grace which, in love, pardons us and blots out our past rebellions.

We depend absolutely on God, but it is necessary to do our part, to subjugate our will to His will, to desire nothing except what would please Him, so that He may find in us the contentment born of glad submission as we seek and follow Him. "Lord, Thy will be done", is the prayer of the Christian.

To do the will of God does not imply being mechanically forced to do it by some spiritual power. It is not that God imposes Himself on us and nullifies entirely our human volition. On the contrary, if one wishes to be like God, He helps him. But this demands our desiring to be like Him that is, to be holy. Then respecting our will and assisting us, God pours upon us His grace. Moreover, if we do not sincerely wish to be like Him, He leaves us alone, for He cannot oblige us to be as He is not. However, He loves us so much that, if we choose evil, He calls us, with groanings that cannot be uttered, to leave sin and turn to a life of holiness.

This, then, is how we can obtain spiritual purity: by surrendering to the love of God whose visible manifestation is

Christ. And it is Christ who draws us to God so that He can give us His Holy Spirit who sanctifies us.

To separate ourselves drastically from sin, definitely, without reservations, without humoring ourselves, without vacillation; to surrender wholly and abandon ourselves confidently to Christ our guide in order to do God's will and be filled with His grace, this is the way of holiness. God will do the rest.

Perhaps we could use a homely but suggestive example:

God has made us chosen vessels to receive the Holy Spirit, and, therefore, live holy lives;

But, under pressure of the Devil, we fell and were filled with filth;

Christ, having compassion on us, came down to us and died for us that He might wash us in His blood;

Now cleansed, we are vessels in condition to receive the Holy Spirit who sanctifies us.

—Tr.

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MISS HEWITT — IN MEMORIAM

Elizabeth M. Lee, executive secretary of the Women's Division of Christian Service.

The name of Helen Hewitt was greatly beloved in Mexico and many friends in that country were sad when the word came that Miss Hewitt had died on October 27, 1952 at Robincroft in Pasadena, California after some weeks of illness. She was in her eighty-fifth year.

Born in Dundee, Illinois on January 18, 1867, Helen Hewitt was graduated from the high school in Elgin, Illinois in 1884. In that same year she joined Grace Methodist Episcopal Church in that city and remained a loyal member until the time of her death.

In 1899 Miss Hewitt first went to Mexico, answering the call of a group of Cornish people in the famous silver-mining town of Pachuca for a teacher of English for their children. Deeply sensitive to the needs of the Mexican people for a living Christ, Miss Hewitt soon decided to give her life to missionary service. She was accepted by the Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church and in 1903 returned to Mexico as a regular missionary. For years she gave devoted service in the Escuela Hijas de Allende, an institution of the Woman's Foreign Missinoary Society. Under her wise management and in spite of the revolution in Mexico, this school grew rapidly until in 1913 it enrolled 687 students and laid claim to being, at that time, the largest W. F. M. S. school in the world. Those years were filled with great tensions and dangers but even under those circumstances Miss Hewitt secured a new property and built an ample school building.

Called home because of the health of her mother in 1919, Miss Hewitt took the retired relationship for some years. But in 1926 she asked for reinstatement and returned to Mexico to serve in the same mission school at Pachuca. Because of her intense enthusiasm for this Mexican city, her friends in the United States always called her "Miss Pachuca." But now this missionary became convinced that the school should be in Mexican hands and she persuaded the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to undertake this experiment in national leadership. To this day the school in Pachuca has been led by a Mexican.

A colleague of the early years says of Helen Hewitt:: "Outstanding in my recollection of her was her complete identification with the people with whom she worked .Their hardship was her hardship, and she had small patience with the idea of accept-

ing comforts those about her did not share. She had the true missionary's zeal for making herself unnecessary and she consistently put her Mexican teachers to the fore. Coupled with her capacity for hard work, there went a never-failing good humor and a keen comprehension. Her wit was ready in Spanish as in English. Her unusual adaptabiilty found her filling different needs in our various institutions after she had given the Pachuca school over to a Mexican principal. After that she served for shorter periods in the Sara L. Keen School in Mexico City and in the Normal School in Puebla."

Many friends speak of Miss Hewitt's "perennial youth." Even in her later years she was in demand as counsellor in youth camps for "there was that in her spirit that made her ever young." Even when she was eighty-one years old the record tells of her going to a girl's camp in Illinois to charm them with her lively stories of missionary work in Mexico and to enter into their campfire song service.

During the years between 1919 and 1926 Miss Hewitt lived in Elgin, Illinois and led a very active life as president of the board of directors of the Young Women's Christian Association, and later as its executive secretary. It was to Elgin that she returned upon her retirement in 1934, when at the age of sixty-seven she resumed many useful local activities. Among the organizations to which she belonged were the Business and Professional Women's Club,the Searchers, the Old Settlers' Association, the Wesleyan Service Guild and the Woman's Society of Christian Service of Grace Church, the Current History Forum of which she was a charter member, and the Altrusa Club. In 1951 the Altrusa Club named her "Woman of the Year" and presented her with a scroll on behalf of Altrusa International, in recognition of her outstanding service, "given without remuneration for improvement and welfare in other communities."

So active was she that Miss Hewitt did not really go into retirement until she took up her residence at Robincroft in

November 1951. There with beloved missionary friends from Mexico she spent her last year happily. A memorial service was held at Robincroft before the body was taken to Elgin, Illinois where it was buried in Bluff City cementery. Participating in the service were members of eleven churches and clubs, including many of the oldest and longest established in the city.

THEY TOOK AWAY MY CHRIST

A true story except for the change of name of the one who gave her testimony.

"Come to church again? Indeed, I will. You do not need to invite me again. In fact, you will not be able to get rid of me now," said Maria as she left the Methodist Church of Chihuahua after her first service there. All at once she realized that the years of wandering were over and that she was again in touch with her Christ.

The days in her crowded little room passed, she hardly knew how, as her shapely gray head bent over the Bible the pastor had given her. Hour after hour she read, forgetting to get her meals on time, as she devoured the precious truths.

"They took away my Christ when I was a child," she explained to the pastor who zealously taught her the way to Christ. Before long she had the assurance that Christ was her Savior, and her joy overflowed on the great day when she publicly confessed her faith through baptism and partook of the Lord's Supper.

Few as are the older folks who find Christ, fewer still of them embark on an impassioned ministry for their Lord. The stories of famous Christians tempt one to think that they were in a class by themselves, an unusual pattern. Do not ordinary folks excel as Christians?

Maria was an everyday sort of person of courage and decision who struggled through the years against great obstacles. Hers was a soul bound by sin, largely due to ignorance. Then, past middle age her life suddenly changed. "I left the friends I could not bring along," she explained simply.

Shortly after she was saved she visited relatives she knew well. "Why don't you drink wine any longer?" they asked. "Doesn't it agree with you?"

"It's not that," replied Maria, "but now I loathe it, for I have been born again."

Old friends invited her to dinner, But, to her surprise, she found that she felt out of place during the conversation. Finally, she exclaimed, "Don't talk like that."

"Such chaste ears!" mocked her friends. "How you've changed! Maybe you've seen a vision."

"No," replied Maria, "but now Christ lives in me. Before Him one does not say such things." And then she took her leave.

"To love Christ is to suffer over everything that wounds Him," was her comment. "From the moment I was saved, I left all that — wine, worldly conversation, suggestive stories. Now I want something different."

"You will suffer," warned her pastor, "life will not smile on you." And it has not. But the loss of friends who would not enter the life did not deter her. Her first joy was to evangelize her daughter and begin to teach her little grandsons about Jesus.

Then she turned her attention not only to those who needed

her but to those who needed her most. In the hospitals for incurables she began to witness for her Lord, ministering, as she could, to the material needs of the parients as well. She took with her clean handkerchiefs with which to wipe the sweat from the brows of helpless ones, finding that even this simple service was gratefully received. Whenever she could manage the price of a taxi she would take some of the ambulatory patients to church.

In one ward there was a nearly blind man named Gilberto, well decorated with scapularies. He kept interrupting Maria's reading so that the others could not hear. But the second time, he listened. Came the third visit and he said, "Won't you take me to your church?" After she had showed him the way a time to two. she bought him a little whistle with which he could ask for help to cross the streets.

One day he was missing at church. Maria found him in his hospital bed, seriously ill. "Gil," she called to him, "do you know me?"

He roused and said, "It is sister Maria. Let us pray."

As she prayed he moved his lips, following her. And then he was gone. He had trusted his Savior.

In another hospital Maria found the Judge, a man of education, now a helpless paralytic. On her weekly visits she read the Bible to him and prayed with him. One day he said to her, "I'm going to get well. Christ is the same today as He was then."

"You will get well if you have faith," she replied.

Next visiting day when she went to the ward, the other patients sang out to the old man, "Here comes the sister."

"Guess what!" cried the Judge to Maria as she approached his corner. "I have been up and walked!" And now the other patients in the ward gathered to listen when she read the Word. Before long the old man was able to go home.

"My two births, the physical one and the spiritual one, both took place in the State of Chihuahua," says this born-again Christian.

Maria's father, staunchly Evangelical, had the habit of taking some poor wretch home to dinner every day and was addicted to giving away his own shirts to the needy. He so won over his wife that when her mother faced her with the dilemma of renouncing her new faith or never seeing her mother again, the daughter replied: "Mother, you know how much I love you. But my husband's religion is the truth, and Christ is my Savior."

Maria's mother died while those about her sang hymns. As death approached for her father, his mother said, "Son, I'm going to call the priest."

"No, mother, let me die in peace," he replied. "I have settled all my affairs with the Supreme Being. And don't sprinkle me with holy water."

By the time she was nine years old Maria had lost both her parents. The maternal grandmother took the little children to her home and began to inculcate her faith in them. The little girl, recalling that her father had taught her that priests were the same as other men, rebelled. But grief and threats and the unfriendly environment brought on illness until the child, in her weakness, ceased to struggle and accepted what was forced upon her. "I took up the new religion the way one puts on a different dress, just to escape scoldings but not as a matter of conviction."

Within a year the grandmother, also, died. Then followed years of knocking about, going hungry, and sleeping on the floor. The time spent in an orphanage with its unreasonable punishments left indelibly terrifying memories. After an unsuccessful effort to live with relatives, the young girl, made more rebellious than ever by her suffering, was again upon her own. "By this time I had forgotten all about the Gospel," she says. "Week after week she went to confession and zealously complied with all that devotion required, but in a mechanical fashion.

Then came Francisco, a young student for the priesthood, who had timidly doubted his fitness for that profession. When he met Maria he promptly convinced himself that he had, indeed mistaken his calling. It was not just her pretty fact that attracted him, but her gaitey and vivaciousness threw out a challenge to his inhibited, timorous spirit.

The marriage of Francisco and Maria almost coincided with the beginning of the Mexican Revolution in 1910, and on their ranch they had to face revolutionary soldiers. Francisco could not meet these situations, but the intrepid Maria would snatch up her baby daughter and go out to defend the family with her ready tongue.

Once the soldiers took Francisco prisoner. When Maria failed by arguments and explanations to convince the commander that he should release her husband, she resorted to a series of invectives which proved so effective that the frightened Captain sent Francisco hurrying home.

Followed years of indifference. After the death of her husband, Maria, on a visit to Chihuahua, was invited to go to church, and immediately her heart responded to the Gospel message and she found Christ, the Christ whom she had lost as a child.

"My husband used to say, Let's go to mass! Not I, was always my reply," says Maria. "But no one had ever talked to me about Christ. On two occasions I attended a service in a Protestant church, but no one took any notice of me. So I never returned. I might have been saved then had anyone spoken to me.

"Now that I know my Lord, that must not happen to folks who come to my church, not if I can help it. Christ is my new inheritance, and I want others to know Him."

HONORING THE VIRGIN

December is the month when elaborate celebrations are held in the Villa, Mexico City, in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico. We translate the following news item from the liberal and reliable weekly TIEMPO, dated December 19, 1952:

As is usual every year, a multitude made up of the faithful who had come from the whole Republic filled the arena around the Basilica of Guadalupe. Aside from the sincere fervor which brought the devout to the church, there were other motives, not at all religious, which converted the place into the scene of unbridled amusements, drunkenness, theft, bloody fights, and other unritualistic excesses. Three hundred and thirty-seven wounded, 115 arrests, and 45 children lost were the totals run up by the Guadalupe celebration. The customary Indian dancers gave it a note of color.

CURE FOR HIS BAD TEMPER

This is the second time I have come to a Protestant church. I have always had a violent temper, but since I began reading the New Testament I have changed completely. Now I have peace.

MONTERREY

Writes Miss Mary Fitzpatrick: "We observed Scarritt Founders Day in November, and had two Marion Jackson Downs concerts."

A SONNET

This sonnet, written by one of the Spanish mystics of the Middle Ages, crystalizes for us their devotion to Christ. Translated by Professor Allison Peers.

I am not moved, my God, to love of Thee
By Heav'n which Thou didst pledge me as reward.
I am not moved to cease to grieve Thee, Lord,
By thoughts and fears of Hell which threaten me.

THOU mov'st me, O my God. Mov'd sore am I
To see Thee nailed upon that cruel tree,
The scorn of men, wounded despitefully.
Mov'd am I: Thou dost suffer and dost die.

Mov'd am I thus, my Lord, to love Thee; yea,
Were there no Hell, my due of fear I'd pay.
Thou need'st not make me gifts to move my will,
For were my hopes of Heav'n quite fled away,
Yet this same love my heart would ever feel.

SONETO

No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte
El cielo que me tienes prometido,
Ni me mueve el infierno tan temido
Para dejar por eso de ofenderte.

Tú me mueves, Señor, muéveme al verte
Clavado en una cruz y escarnecido;
Muéveme ver tu cuerpo tan herido,
Muévenme tus afrentas y tu muerte.

Muéveme, en fin, tu amor en tal manera
Que, aunque no hubiera cielo yo te amara,
Y aunque no hubiera infierno, te temiera.
No tienes que darme por que te quiera,
Porque aunque cuanto espero no esperara,
Lo mismo que te quiero te quisiera.

GUILD WEEK END

Mary Fitzpatrick.

The Wesleyan Service Guilds of the Corpus Christi District and the McAllen District celebrated their Third Bi-District Guild Week-end, October 25-26. Contributing materially to the third emphasis for this quardrennium, "The World Church", was the selection of the site of the week-end. The invitation given by Wesleyan Service Guilders from Monterrey, Mexico, who visited the Guild Week-end last year in Weslaco, Texas, was accepted, and the whole program was transferred to "south of the border."

The delegation of about 125 Guilders was headed by the two District Secretaries, Mrs. H. B. Jeffery, McAllen, and Miss Clara McNeill, Corpus Christi. Locale of the meeting was Centro Social, an institution of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, and chosen this year as a project of the Methodist Youth Fund. The group was welcomed by Miss Elizabeth Villarreal, president of the local Guild, Miss Anna Belle Dick, director of the Centro, Mrs. A. A. Reyes, of the Centro staff, in charge of special arrangements, and by Misses Maria Gonzalez and Mary Fitzpatrick of the Centro staff.

Sight-seeing tours in and around the city to see Evangelical work, modernistic Roman Catholic churches, and points of scenic beauty were made Saturday afternoon. That night the local Guild tendered the visitors a tamale supper in the gymnasium of the Centro. Members of the M. Y. F., dressed in typical costumes, served. After the supper, Miss Lillian A. Johnson, National Guild Secreatry, New York City, addressed the group on the Emphases and Projects of the Guild. This was followed by "A Trip Through Mexico", via the colored slides of Miss Fitzpatrick.

The Sunday program began with morning devotional led by Miss Mary Riddle, deaconess, San Marcos, Texas. Then Miss Josephine Forman, Conference Guild Secretary, San Antonio, presided over a round-table discussion of Guild work.

At the eleven o'clock hour Mrs. H. C. Pletz, of Washington, D. C., and San Antonio, delivered the message, "Offending Jesus," interpreted to the Mexican congregation by Mrs. Reyes.

Dinner at the Grand Ancira Hotel, where places were marked with authentic miniature sarapes from Saltillo,, concluded the week-end's activities.

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ADDIE DYER

With this number of MEXICO already on the press, word comes that another of our retired missionaries, Addie Dyer, went to her Heavenly Home on February 9, 1953, after a brief illness.

Miss Dyer was educated in the schools of Chattanooga and Nashville, and became a missionary in Mexico in 1913. In the Puebla Normal School she trained teachers for kindergarten work.

Writes one who knew her well: "Addie lived such a gentle, quiet life of service that not everyone appreciated how great that service really was. But she knew how to make little children happy in her kindergarten and how to train the young teachers in that love, too. Her memory will always be like a dainty perfume in Puebla."

Many tourists will surely remember with gratitude Miss Dyer's "personally conducted" tours about Puebla. That is something that takes time, but she was always willing to put aside her own plans and show them the city, regaling them with fascinating tales about places of interest.

CONGRESS OF METHODIST YOUTH

David Tinoco.

A ministerial student gives a few impressions.

The eighth Youth Congress of the Methodist Church was celebrated in the beautiful city of Puebla, September 14 to 21, 1952. About five hundred young people from different parts of the Republic began to arrive like flocks of birds, and the noise of juvenile laughter rose higher and higher. These were the representatives of more than two thousand young pople who are organized in Youth Leagues scattered about Mexico, even in isolated corners. There were also representatives of the United Evangelical Center and of the Methodist Deaconess School, as well as people from sister churches who attended the meetings of the Congress as visitors.

It impressed one to see the young people seriously discussing matters related to their interests, desirous of serving God in their own churches. We saw them in their devotional hours reverent, attentive, evincing a live interest in deepening their knowledge of eternal things which save the soul, and exhalt the spirit, and produce a clean testimony in everyday life.

We saw them in their hours of recreation, giving expression to their merriment, although, due to the excess of business, there was not much time for play. But they found a chance for a little, especially at mealtime which always seemed very short.

Church authorities experience a feeling of satisfaction as they see this great group of young people capable of cooperating in carrying on the work. The Church can commit to them great enterprises that will make them feel responsible for the development of the program of the Methodist Church in Mexico. We pray that God may continue to bless Methodist youth and, very especially, their present leaders, Rev. Manuel V. Flores and young Daniel Gonzalez.

SERVICE GUILD

Alejandra Ortiz, the president

There still lives, in heart and memory, that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, Friday, February 9, 1945, when a group of young women — nurses, teachers, university students, and business women, — gathered in Gante St. church at the invitation of Mrs. Gold C. Hauser. The room was attractively decorated for the occasion with flowers and appropriate pictures, all fondly arranged on purpose for us. That was an evening of impressions that have become indelible. Gaiety and Christian fellowship illumined our faces and united us intimately.

The prayer, the songs, the beautiful but simple message given by Mrs. Hauser, all filled our hearts with aspirations and noble enthusiasm. Truly, she told us, we can be vials of precious perfume to be poured out and fill the place where God has put us with the fragance of His love, by means of our disinterested service. In this dreary, bitter hour for humanity, women in every afflicted land have taken their places and carried out, with dignity and courage, the mission commended to them us nurses in hospitals and on battle fields, workers in factories, and home keepers in homes filled with anxiety. Everywhere their self-denial and heroism have been the miraculous balm that has soothed and beautified everthing. What right had we to remain idle while other women suffer and struggle for the good of others?

What if we should unite and, hand in hand, and heart to heart, form a society which would not only bind us together in bonds of Christian friendship but also in work in behalf of others?

Yes, we would unite... We would organize and be ONE for the tasks we undertook. Love would draw us together in bonds which could reach to unimagined distances.

Thus was born the Gold C. Hauser Service Guild, so named to express our admiration and affection for the one who first cherished the dream of forming this organization. She knew how to appeal to our hearts and move our wills, and then with motherly tenderness, guide the Society as it took its first steps.

Presently, the Service Guild has taken on real life and is enjoying a vigorous youth, looking toward the future with faith and hope, hands outstretched eagerly for the tasks that will mean fulfilling its mission to others.

The motto of the Guild is JOYOUS SERVICE. Its creed states: *Since God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son to save it, and since Christ, therefore, came not to be ministered unto but to minister, we, the Service Guild, promise God and our fellow members to dedicate a part of each day to joyous service for others, remembering that Christ said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."*

Every Friday, forgetting the fatigue of our own jobs, we meet in the same room where we gathered the first time. We knit or embroider garments to protect those who suffer for lack of them. To deepen our spiritual life, we read the Word of God, meditate on it, have singing and prayer, always seeking, under the guidance of God, to make new plans for improving the work and widening its horizons.

The Guild's message of love has reached the homes of many poor families, wrapped up in little knitted articles for the expected or newborn baby.

The Guild began by knitting sweaters for the American Red Cross to send to the needy in Europe where the war had left so many homes filled with grief and misery. The field of activity has been enlarged to include the support of the missionary work of the local Church, the founding of new Guilds in other cities, helping to support the missionary progam of the

Women's Missionary Societies, sending gifts punctually for Gospel work in Japan, and, with the help of the Lord, meeting all the goals which make up our annual program of work.

New members have swelled the ranks, and the Church finds in the Guild a group who second and assist in its work.

The Service Guild will go forward with divine help, following the footsteps of the Master, as expressed in our hymn of love and service:

Thy paths, O Lord, midst grief and sin,
Encompass land and sea;
And those are known, who walk therein,
By service loyal to Thee.

In prayer our hearts by Thee are blest,
Thy glory thus we see.
And answering prayer, thy blessings rest
On service rendered Thee.

NEW THEOLOGY

Mexico seems to be germinating a new "Christian" theology. Monseñor Garibay, high ecclesiastical officer of the Tepeyac Basilica, in connection with the ceremonies celebrated the 12th of December, declared that the Virgen of Guadalupe is the "Creator, Redeemer, and Inspirer of the American continent, like God Himself." That is, she is a goddess-Father-Son-Holy Spirit, something like a super God.

Tr. from EVANGELISTA MEXICANO

THE RUN-AWAY

Elvira Baez M.

Dr. Baez and the pastor of the church face another problem.

One afternoon some of the women of the church came hastily to the clinic to ask me to see a sick girl who seemed to be out of her mind. She had gone into the parsonage in the absence of the pastor and given his young wife a good scare. A neighbor had offered her food to see whether hunger was the cause of her trouble. The women had been able to learn from the girl that she had come from Tampico and had traveled all night by bus, but that was all she could tell them. She had forgotten everything else relating to herself.

The girl proved to be good looking and was fairly well dressed. Clearly she was a mental case. In reply to my questions I found that she remembered that on the way the night before some men had invited her to have a cold drink with them. Afterwards she felt a little upset and since then could recall nothing that had happened, how she reached the city, where she had been, what her name was, nor who her parents were.

In consultation with the pastor of the church, it was decided to take the girl to the institution for the insane since we had no place where she could be kept under observation.

We were present at the interview with the medical specialist and learned that the girl's condition was due to a nervous shock. She had fallen into sin, had a baby, and the baby had died a few days after birth, leaving the girl disconsolate. With the physician's help she recalled her name, which made it possible for us to ask the Salvation Army in Tampico to locate her family for us.

The girl's mother and sister came to the city and confirmed the information the physician had gotten. They were Christians and told us the girl had drifted far from God.

During the patient's stay in the mental institution we visited her and used every opportunity to talk to her about God and the salvation He has provided for us, but she seemed to resent it. It concerned us to see her recovering physically without being saved.

Some weeks later the doctor dismissed the girl. After talking with the mother and sister about the girl's rebellious attitude, we decided to take her to the home of two Christian workers. While one of them talked alone with the girl for a long period, the mother and the sister, the other worker and I were in prayer for her. God touched the heart of the young woman and saved her. She left the house convinced and comforted to return to her home, which we trust is now happy.

THE MONTH OF MAY IN MEXICO

by the late Rev. Ernesto M. Villasana.

May, month of flowers, of joy and great commemorations, speaks eloquently of what cooperation means.

Mother Nature in her marvellous functions combines earth, sun, water, and wind to offer us flowering fields, abundant fruits, harvests of some cereals and opportunity to sow others, the fullness of spring, the power of life.

How can man learn to take advantage of this lesson of the combination of forces which silently cooperate one with the other according to natural law, thus achieving splendidly beneficent reuslts?

Daily events answer this question. The first of May is dedicated to the worker (Labor Day). The injustice practiced by employers and workers alike makes impossible true cooperation, and calamities ensue which make all suffer.

The fifth of May is dedicated to our Country. To be loyal to the Government, obey its laws, serve our fellow countrymen, comply with all the duties which nationality imposes is wholesome cooperation and patriotism which will exalt Mexico.

The tenth of May is dedicated to mothers. A mother is an example of genuine cooperation. She cooperates with God, with nature, with the home, with her native land in every act of life, for she loves, and only love reaches the most perfect and fullest cooperation.

The fifteenth of May is dedicated to teachers. The teacher cooperates with the child to make the world of tomorrow. Far-reaching cooperation for which one needs a high spirit of responsibilty.

Laborers, citizens, mothers, teachers, this month speaks to you of great opportunities for cooperation. This is your day. Rejoice, and renew your purpose to cooperate, giving the best of your life for the good of all.

—Tr. from Bulletin, Mesias Church, May 1949.

MORE FORD ANECDOTES

Ethel Thomas.

Miss Thomas, who served her Master for many years in the education of girls in Mexico, had the experiences of a pioneer in driving her Ford for the use of the Industrial School and Hostel.

It was in the first years after the establishing of our secondary school. The whole senior class of nine must be taken to the National Library to read and become acquainted with the library. We drove happily along until we saw a man leaving a pulque (liquor) shop and angling across the street directly toward the car. I pulled to the curb but he came on, falling upon the car and breaking out some of his teeth. I offered to go with him to a doctor who could repair the damage but a man at a nearby fruit

stand sternly ordered me to wait, detaining the injured man. Why, I understood when a policeman arrived.

We made statements, the injured man being tipsy enough to admit frankly that he had been drinking, but to police headquarters we must go, there to spend the afternoon until a doctor could be secured to be responsible for the injured jaw. Our good school doctor agreed to send his chauffeur with the necessary statement from him. At last, not so late but that we were considered returning from the library, we appeared for supper. I had long before discovered that mishaps hurt less if not too many people know about them. The girls agreed to say nothing.

A week later, however, one of the same girls answered the door bell and came to the office, saying mysteriously, "Miss Thomas, there is the man." There in person he was, sure enough, to explain that he had been well cared for but had lost a week of work. Could I help him? A bit of financial help sent him on his way, and we still guarded our secret.

The years went happily on, with primary and secondary schools flourishing in the new building until the day of the socialistic school arrived. Courses of study were not ready. No one knew what was wanted. Certainly, it was no time to be experimenting. So it was decided to leave the matter up to the Department of Education and, for a time, take our girls to government schools. Those were days of hauling, with two Fords doing service. Twenty little girls could be crowded into one car if the packing was well done, but usually not more than twelve of High School age. With such loads, brakes did not always function instantaneously.

One day, needing to stop on the instant, I swerved the car slightly and, in doing so, broke a slat on a street vendor's platform. I desidered to pay at once for the damage, but no, I must go to the nearest police station. To my astonishment, a young fellow was presented as having been injured in the hurried stop. "But I never saw him," I exclaimed: "the boy whom the car touched was smaller. He wore a tan colored shirt and went right on."

The young man was taken out for examination. I was allowed to sit apart and did so, wondering... In the meantime twelve anxious girls waited outside, hungry for dinner. After a long time the complainant was dismissed and became abusive. He was unceremoniously hustled out and I was called. My driving license was returned. "What now?" I aaked in suspense. "Nothing. You may go." Dazed, but breathing a prayer of thanksgiving, I took my famishing brood home to dinner.

VISITORS

Welcome visitors among us are Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Carhart. Mr. Carhart at one time carried many responsabilities in our mission and the Union Seminary, while Mrs. Carhart, formerly Dora Gladden, was an effective W. F. M. S. worker in Mexico. They are accompanied by relatives whom we have enjoyed meeting, Mr. and Mrs. George Gladden.

GRATITUDE

We gratefully acknowledge gifts for our little magazine MEXICO from Miss Lucile Vail, Miss Naomi Lisle, Mr. George W. Harris, Mrs. H.M. Lydenberg, and Miss Zenayada Manzano.

FOR TOURISTS ONLY

We invite you to visit our Methodist work when you come to Mexico. To get in touch with our workers, we give you the following phone numbers:

In Monterrey: Call number 22-89

In Chihuahua: call number 23-51 or 146.

In Mexico City: call 13-08-89 or 13-42-71 or 16-14-80.

Miss Lulu Rawls, Apdo. 186
Miss May B. Seal, Calle 12a. No. 1630.

CORTAZAR, GTO.:

Miss Mamie Baird

DURANGO, DGO.:

Miss Ruth Byerley, Juárez 200 Nte.

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Miss Anne Deavours

MEXICO, D. F.:

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Miss Dora L. Ingrum (on furlough)
Miss Orlene McKimmey, Mariano Escobedo 291, Zona 5
Miss Mary Lou Santillán
1a. Privada de la Luz 27-2 Zona 13
Miss Ruth V. Warner, Sadi Carnot 73, Zona 4

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Miss Helen M. Hodgson (on furlough)
Miss Dora Schmidt, Washington 208 Oriente
Miss Pauline Willingham, Apdo. 446

PUEBLA, PUE.:

Miss Clara A. Gibson, (Apdo. 157)

Miss Ola Eugene Callahan. (on furlough)

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Miss Bertha Baker, Apdo. 77

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